

I Go Off Like a Gun

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I Go Off Like a Gun

by [Fetish Ball \(arsenicarose\)](#)

Summary

George accidentally answers Dream's call instead of turning his phone off. right before he takes care of some "personal business."

(AKA George gets off to the thought of Dream, and Dream overhears).

Chapter 1 is George's POV. Chapter 2 is Dream's POV. They follow the same events.

Notes

Hey, so, this wasn't intentional, but apparently this can cause second hand embarrassment...>.< Just a warning!

Don't worry, it has a happy ending! But I understand if you need to click away. 😊😊

George's POV

George couldn't believe he was doing this *again*. He had promised himself that he wouldn't, but then Dream had to go and whisper into his ear. Didn't he realize what he was doing? Was he doing it on *purpose*? Did he know every button on George's horniness remote?

George had been doing so well. He was going to make it that night, but then Dream had put his lips right against the microphone, and whispered, "Goodnight, Georgie."

It hit him like a sack of bricks, and now he needed some private release before he would be able to sleep. Hopefully if he came hard enough, George wouldn't dream about him.

He threw his phone on the bed and followed after it, collapsing between on top of the blankets. He really didn't want to do this, mostly because the more he did it, the more he realized that he had a crush on his best friend.

He grabbed a bottle of cheap lube (no point in using the good stuff alone) and slid his pants down just enough that his cock popped out for him. It was already fully erect, straining a little. This was Dream's fucking fault.

George wasn't angry at him, more angry at himself for being *stupid* and falling for his best friend. His straight best friend, who, for some cruel reason, did everything in his power to make George blush.

His phone buzzed, alerting him to a text, and he grabbed it roughly, pushing buttons until it stopped. He was pretty sure he set it to silent. For this ritual, he needed to be completely alone with his thoughts.

There was a lot of porn he could theoretically look at, but all of it was speculative. No one knew what Dream looked like, not even George (which was part of the reason the insatiable lust was so fucking annoying). In order to masturbate to his best friend, George kept a file in his own head of compliments, sexy quotes, and "I love you's" to play for himself.

He started off slow, barely touching himself. He remembered that time he wore a suit and Dream whispered compliments until George's face turned pink. The inappropriate memes. His infectious laugh. A moan escaped him. "Oh, *Dream*."

He started going faster. All the times Dream ran to his defence. The clear favoritism. The times where Dream would ask for kisses and cuddles, always a little afraid of George's reaction. These were the ones that gave him hope, that made him believe that maybe it could be mutual (though, that feeling never lasted post orgasm). More moans escaped him, most of them shaped around Dream's name.

God, the thought of Dream made him cum faster than anything. He was already getting close, so he went in for the finale. A compilation of times where Dream said, "I love you, George," and times where Dream had taken the extra moment to comfort him, even when he didn't actually need it. Tears came to his eyes, as his orgasm built, because of how much he *wanted* this to be real.

That was the thought that crossed his mind when he finally finished, cumming across his chest. He screamed, "*DREAAAAAM*!" to the ceiling of his room as he rubbed himself through, shaking with every pass.

As soon as he finished, a few tears leaked out of him, dripping down his temples to the bed below.

That was why he couldn't keep doing this. This fantasy collection he had assembled was becoming too good, and it hurt. It would never be like that for him.

He didn't want to completely descend into self-pity, so he decided to veg out for a while until he got the energy to clean himself off and go to bed. He grabbed his phone with his clean hand and woke it up.

Call with:

Dream <3

Connected for:

6:09

George's heart fell through his chest and out his ass. He was pretty sure that he was actually dead for a moment, before he gasped in a panicked shaky breath. Why the actual *fuck* was he in a phone call with Dream? They had last been talking on teamspeak through his computer!

With a trembling hand, he put his phone to his face. There was no sound. He choked out a tiny, "Hello...?"

"Oh! Hello! No round two?"

"Dream?! You... heard?"

"You know, George, I think I really do like it when you scream, though I didn't expect to hear you scream like *that*."

George hung up the phone.

His heart was beating so fast that it hurt. What had he done? WHAT HAD HE DONE? What the fuck? He hopped off his bed and started pacing, frantic. There was literally no way to cover this up. If he had said "Clay," he might have been able to make up some other guy, pretended it was for someone else, but he had said, "Dream." There was only one of those.

His phone started to ring. Dream calling again. George ignored it immediately. He literally couldn't deal with it right now.

It suddenly hit him that he was still kinda gross from his recent indecency, and suddenly he felt doubly disgusting. He needed to scrub himself. He set his phone on the table by his bed, stripped, and popped into the shower, letting the water wash away his anxieties for just a moment.

When he got back out, the panic started to rise again, growing bigger and bigger as he approached his phone. He was afraid to touch the thing, as if it would bite him, but he knew he was just delaying the inevitable.

He had 7 missed calls from Dream, and a whole slew of messages.

Dream: George we need to talk

Dream: Please pick up

Dream: I know this is weird but we actually need to talk

Dream: Please stop ignoring me!

Dream: I'm literally not mad! Please answer me!

Dream: I'm getting worried.

Dream: George please!!

Dream: PICK UP THE FUCKING PHONE

Dream: Fine! Call me ASAP.

Dream: ...George?

Dream: I'm sorry that was weird to say.

Dream: I really am sorry.

Dream: Please call me...

George really didn't know what to think of all this, but he knew that they did need to talk. They were basically business partners, and they would have to deal with this, one way or another.

He called Dream.

Dream picked up on the second ring, voice etched with concern. “ *George ?* Are you okay? Fuck, I was so worried.”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” George bristled. Worried? About what? What would he have possibly done? “I was just taking a shower, after... Just taking a shower.” Fuck. Smooth, George.

“Right, yeah... That makes sense. You hung up on me though?”

“Of fucking *course* I did!” George hissed, “What the fuck else am I supposed to do? Fuck, I could actually scream. This is the worst.”

“I think you already screamed, George, but why is this the worst?” Dream sounded a little hurt.

“What do you mean, ‘Why is this the worst?’ You just heard me... doing... with... name...” George trailed off, embarrassment building. His cheeks felt like they were made of fire.

“I mean... I don’t mind. Were you... You were thinking of me while you... while you... um, jacked off?”

George’s face actually hurt from how mortified he was. “I’m hanging up now.”

“Actually, please don’t! I’m trying to figure this out!”

“There is nothing to figure out! It’s a stupid thing. Can’t we just forget about it, please? Just pretend it never happened?”

Dream cleared his throat. “Um... Do you, uh, like me, in that way?”

“Dream, I will actually hang up this phone and then turn it off.”

“Please, answer the question...”

“No. I... I can’t do this.”

“George, wait, please! I... Fuck, please don’t hate me, but it was super hot to hear that...”

“WHAT?” George nearly dropped his phone from the shock of it.

Dream laughed awkwardly. “Uh, yeah... I actually... I might have... taken care of some personal business while I listened to you...”

“ *WHAT ?!*”

“Sorry, is that bad?”

“NO. No... I just... I didn’t expect that.” Could Dream have enjoyed it? George didn't want to hope, so afraid to be disappointed, but...

“Well, to be honest, neither did I... But listening to you moan? Imagining you masturbating to *me* ? Listening to you scream *my* name? Fuck, I just lost it.”

“Stop fucking with me.”

“I’m not! Look!”

Dream sent a new picture message .

George opened the message to see a picture of a shirtless man. Automatically, his eyes trailed down the line of his torso, but *that* part was out of the frame. What he did get to see was cum sprayed across the man’s chest, and a good amount of it too.

“This could be anyone,” George countered, warily. There was no way this could be happening. “Besides, who takes a picture of themselves after cumming all over like that?”

“I guess I do...? George, I promise, I am not fucking with you. This is real.”

George hesitated. How could this possibly be real? He suddenly realized he couldn’t deal with it in that moment. It was completely overwhelming and he was suddenly so tired. “I just... I can’t. Let’s talk about this tomorrow.”

“George, please!”

“I’m not mad! I’m just tired. I promise, we’ll talk. Just... later.” George was rubbing his temples by that point, trying to manage the growing anxiety with physical soothing. It worked only slightly.

“Yeah, sure... Just... Nevermind. Talk to you later, I guess.”

“Bye.” With that, George hung up on Dream, again, and sank back into his bed.

He was far more tired than he had even realized, because he passed out almost immediately.

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George woke feeling good. The night before hadn’t quite hit him yet, and he grinned and stretched at the lovely morning sun.

Then, he looked down and saw he was still in the outfit he had put on after his shower, and the entire night played in front of his eyes. Shit.

Having slept, and feeling better for it, he knew that Dream wasn’t kidding. Of course he wasn’t! Dream wouldn’t say something like *that* unless he actually meant it.

Which meant there was a chance...

George grabbed his phone, first thing, hoping for something more, but Dream hadn’t said anything to him. There had been absolutely no communication since George hung up. Had he scared Dream away? Normally, Dream would bug him well past that point, needing to know everything was okay

before he could sleep. George genuinely hadn't meant to pass out, and he was worried to see that Dream hadn't sent *anything* .

It was the middle of the night in Florida, though, and George was hoping that Dream was sleeping, so he decided to wait. It was the worst. Every minute crawled by, and he couldn't even decide when a reasonable time to call would be. Would it be okay to call at 7 am, or should he wait until later? What if Dream was awake, having been unable to sleep through the night, and was *waiting* for a reply?

There was no way to know.

He settled on sending a brief text. That way, if Dream was awake, he would be soothed, and if he was sleeping, it would hopefully not disturb him.

*Hey Dream. I'm sorry about last night. I'm ready to talk whenever you are.*

There was nothing left to do but wait.

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It took hours for Dream to wake up. George didn't get the call until 4 pm, after an entire day of wringing his hands and pacing and freaking out. His phone was touching him the entire time. He was terrified to be away from it for even a moment, or he might miss Dream's call.

He had been waiting for so long when the call actually came through that it almost scared him. He almost dropped his phone until he saw it was, "Dream?"

"Hey George..."

"Dream, I'm so sorry. I was just so terrified at being caught and I thought you were messing with me and I thought about it and I just feel so stupid. It was just so hard to imagine that *you* could have a... thing for *me* . I mean, I've had this... thing for so long, it just seemed impossible."

"How would I not have a... thing for you? You're amazing, George. How often have I told you just that?" Dream's voice was low, too close to mic. It sent a shiver down his spine.

"Stop," George whispered. He could feel himself starting to get turned on, and that wasn't something he could tell Dream. Not yet, anyway.

"Actually?"

Of course not actually. He wanted Dream to whisper sweet nothings in his ear all night long. He wanted to whisper them in return. He *wanted* so much, but how could he ever ask. "Please don't..."

"You like it when I compliment you, Georgie?" Dream's voice was honeyed and warm.

Fuck, George was really getting turned on. He literally didn't even know what to say to that, afraid that if he said something, his voice would reveal his condition to Dream.

"Cause I like complimenting you, *baby* . You're so cute when you're flustered."

George gasped despite himself. What the fuck was he supposed to do with that? Were they really going to do this right *now* ? “Dream, *please* ... You’re...” he started, completely unable to admit what was happening to him.

“I’m what?” Dream asked, so innocently, as if he didn’t know.

“Don’t make fun of me...”

“I would never.” Dream sounded so solemn, so sure, but how could he be?

“You know what you’re doing to me!” George was staring at his erection, which was desperately trying to escape his sweats.

“Do I?”

Was Dream fucking with him, or did he really not know? “Dream, *please* , stop *teasing* . I’m...” He still couldn’t say it.

“Am I turning you on, George?”

George’s eyes popped out of their sockets. How could Dream just *say* it like that? All George could do was let out a tiny whimper as he desperately tried not to touch himself.

“‘Cause I’m getting turned on too.”

“You are?!” George’s heart was thumping in his ears distractingly. It felt too good to be true. Fuck, the wanting was killing him.

“Oh definitely. How often have you done this?”

“Done what?” George knew exactly what Dream meant, but he had to make him say it.

“How often have you masturbated to me?”

Oh fuck. Hearing Dream say those words sent a shudder down his spine, sputtering breaths leaked out of him, and they must have given him away. How turned on could he be before he just came in his pants without being touched? “Um, a few times.”

“Only a few times, *baby* ? ‘Cause I think it was more than that.”

George was blushing bright red by that point. “Okay, more than a few times... I don’t know how many.”

“God, George, that is so hot. I wish you had told me.”

It made George bold to hear that. He took a deep breath, and said, “Yeah? What if I did it again right now?”

Dream gasped. “Would you?”

“Only if you did it with me...” Suddenly, he was worried. Was that too much? What were they doing?

“Fuck, George, of course I will. I’m already so fucking hard.”

“Me too.” And even more so hearing that Dream was hard too.

George couldn't wait a second longer. He tore his sweats down and freed himself. He was so hard it almost hurt, and he started to stroke lazily. "I want to *hear* you, Dream. I want to hear *you* moan *my* name this time."

"Oh, George..."

George could already hear the sound of skin on skin in the background. "Yeah, just like that," he gasped, rubbing harder.

"*George* !"

"*Dream* !" George moaned back, pumping faster.

They both panted and huffed into the phone, bringing each other to higher heights with the sounds they were making. Mostly, it was their names, bouncing back and forth, a desperate call and response of need.

It didn't take long for them to finish, and they came together, crying out their names in unison.

"Oh my fucking GOD," Dream gasped.

"Yeah... That was... wow!" George was covered in his cum (again), but he felt a lot better this time. It was the first time he had not cried after in a long time.

"We should do this again sometime! Maybe?"

"Oh definitely. There is a lot we can do together, if you're interested..." George offered.

"I'm interested."

Dream's POV

“Goodnight, Georgie,” Dream murmured, right against the microphone.

He knew that it bothered George, but he did it anyway. Dream could practically hear him rolling his eyes, frustration building, and it was his favorite part of any day. Getting a rise out of George always brought a smile to his face, especially because an exasperated George looked so damn cute, but like... in a straight way.

George was extra pissy that night though, and Dream felt a little bad, especially when George spit out a snappish, “Goodnight,” and abruptly ended the call.

Maybe Dream had been pushing a little too hard...

After going back and forth for a few minutes, he decided he should call and apologize for pushing. It could have theoretically waited until the next day, but he didn't want it to fester, and he probably wouldn't sleep well if George was mad at him.

He called George on his phone, assuming that a) George would no longer be at his computer and b) he would *actually* pick up, since it was his phone. At least he hoped George would pick up. His anxiety was starting to build, and he wondered how much damage he had done.

Thankfully, George picked up. Dream didn't get a greeting though, just the sound of someone messing with their phone and then the phone being dropped onto something soft, maybe fabric?

“George?” he called out, testing to see if George could hear.

No response.

That was weird... He wondered why George had picked up if he hadn't wanted to talk.

More sounds started to come through. Rustling fabric, a lid opening, some kind of liquid squirting out of a container. Was George making food?

It became quite clear that George was not making food when a low, breathy moan escaped him. Oh. Well, if George was going to do *that*, then Dream really felt he should hang up. Gotta give a person their privacy for those sorts of things.

For some reason, he couldn't bring himself to end the call, though. George moaned again, and it drew Dream back in. He didn't want to stop hearing George make those noises.

He started to get hard.

“What the *fuck* ?!” he whispered out loud to himself, glaring at his boner as if that would solve the problem.

He couldn't deal with getting horny at this, so he was actually going to end the call when he heard it.

“Oh, *Dream* !”

What?!

Dream was absolutely shocked, but, fuck, that was one of the hottest things he had ever heard.

Imagining George masturbating was hot enough, but George masturbating to *him* ?

Dream was already stroking himself. He couldn't help it. George sounded *wrecked* at just the thought of him. He imagined all the things they could do together, and it was driving him wild.

George moaned his name again, and again. "Dream," dripped from his lips like a song that he couldn't stop singing, and every time Dream heard his name, he got that much closer.

Could this be real?

George was stroking faster now, and Dream picked up his pace as well. He wanted them to cum together. He *needed* it. He let his own needy whines and moans, a lot of which took the shape of "George."

Finally, George cried out, bucking against the sibilance of the fabric. With a final, "*DREAAAAAM*!", the orgasm took him.

Dream came shortly after, so taken by the power and intensity of it that all he could do was collapse onto his bed, cum sprayed across his bare chest, and sigh.

This was not how he had expected the day to go.

He wasn't mad about it though. Honestly, it was a pretty great development. His feelings for George had been revealed to him, as had George's feelings for him, so, from his perspective, they were in a good place. Sure, George would be embarrassed, but once everything was on the table, there was a lot they could do with this.

Suddenly, from the phone, the tiniest sound came through. "Hello...?"

Dream grabbed the phone and put it to his ear. "Oh! Hello! No round two?" he teased, enjoying George's discomfort a little *too* much.

"Dream?! You... heard?"

"You know, George, I think I really do like it when you scream, though I didn't expect to hear you scream like *that* ." He tried to make it flirty, to show George that he had really, *really* liked listening to him.

The call ended.

What? Had he been too teasing? Had he messed up? He started to freak the hell out. Had he misunderstood the name? Had George been fucking with him? Did George think *Dream* was fucking with *him* ? What had just happened?

His only thought was to try again. He needed to talk to George, to figure this out, to tell him how delicious it was. As a kind of weird proof, he snapped a photo of his cum covered chest, though he wasn't sure if he would even get the chance to use it.

He called George again, and George *ignored* him. Within a few seconds too, which terrified him.

His hands were shaking by that point, but he needed to know. He needed *George* to know, especially since Dream was so sure it was mutual. He called again, and waited for what seemed like forever.

It went through to voicemail.

He called again.

Voicemail again.

He went into some kind of anxious frenzy after that, calling and texting, desperate for literally any information. He was having trouble breathing at that point. What if he had ruined his friendship? This was *George*. Dream couldn't lose him.

After some number of calls and texts, Dream flopped fully back into his bed, exhausted for some reason. George got the idea by now, or he didn't, and sending even more stuff wouldn't make it better. Dream was gearing up to fall into a good sized pit of despair when his phone rang.

It was George.

He picked up as fast as he physically could, gasping out, “*George* ? Are you okay? Fuck, I was so worried.” And he had been worried. The only thing he could think of that would cause George to ignore him was hatred or injury, and George couldn't hate him.

Right?

George's tone suggested otherwise. “Yeah, I'm fine,” he snapped, “I was just taking a shower, after... Just taking a shower.”

Dream's eyes widened a little at that, staring down at his own chest. Hmm. Had George made a mess too? He tried not to think about that though, choosing nonchalance in his answer. “Right, yeah... That makes sense. You hung up on me though?”

“Of fucking *course* I did! What the fuck else am I supposed to do? Fuck, I could actually scream. This is the worst.” George's voice was full of so much rage that Dream jumped out of his skin for a moment.

It was kind of pissing Dream off. How was this the *worst* thing? They had read the nastiest fanfiction together and been just fine. Why was Dream hearing George cum *bad* ? “I think you already screamed, George, but why is this the worst?” Dream asked bitterly.

“What do you mean, ‘Why is this the worst?’ You just heard me... doing... with... name...” George sounded incredibly embarrassed.

Oh. The anger leaked away. That made a lot more sense than disgust. “I mean... I don't mind. Were you... You were thinking of me while you... while you... um, jacked off?”

“I'm hanging up now.”

That was absolutely the *last* thing Dream wanted him to do. “Actually, please don't! I'm trying to figure this out!” he begged, desperately.

“There is nothing to figure out! It's a stupid thing. Can't we just forget about it, please? Just pretend it never happened?”

Dream wanted to put it all on the line. He wanted to share with George what he had just done, but what if George was disgusted? What if this was some weird thing he did on his own, without Dream, and Dream's participation would ruin it? He cleared his throat, and asked, hesitantly, “Um... Do you, uh, like me, in that way?”

“Dream, I will actually hang up this phone and then turn it off.”

Fuck! Dream was freaking out. Why wouldn't George just... "Please, answer the question..." He needed to know, before he could do anything, he needed to know.

"No. I... I can't do this." George's voice was breaking. He was reaching his limit.

Oh hell. Dream didn't have a choice, he had to put it all on the line and just hope George would be okay with it. There was nothing else he could do. He couldn't let this go, not now that he knew there was *something*. "George, wait, please! I... Fuck, please don't hate me, but it was super hot to hear that..."

"WHAT?"

Dream had to pull his head away from the phone at the volume, and he laughed nervously. "Uh, yeah... I actually... I might have... taken care of some personal business while I listened to you..." Dream was beet red now, and he was so glad George couldn't see him in that moment.

"WHAT ?!"

That reaction didn't inspire a lot of confidence, and Dream started to regret sharing. "Sorry, is that bad?"

"NO. No... I just... I didn't expect that." George's voice softened suddenly.

Dream had some hope, and he had already started, so, why not go all in? "Well, to be honest, neither did I... But listening to you moan? Imagining you masturbating to *me*? Listening to you scream *my* name? Fuck, I just lost it."

"Stop fucking with me."

Why didn't George believe him? "I'm not! Look!" He pulled up that picture he had taken earlier and sent it to George before he could change his mind.

"This could be anyone. Besides, who takes a picture of themselves after cumming all over like that?"

"I guess I do..." Dream really wasn't sure how to make it believable for George, but he needed him to understand. "George, I promise, I am not fucking with you. This is real."

"I just... I can't. Let's talk about this tomorrow."

"George, please!" Dream was feeling desperate now, terrified that he had pushed too far, that this was the real end of their friendship. Terror slammed into him, and he tried to keep himself from babbling needily.

"I'm not mad! I'm just tired. I promise, we'll talk. Just... later."

George did *sound* tired, but Dream was still anxious. He couldn't help but wonder if there was anything he could do. After a moment, he realized that all he could do was give in. George had set a hard boundary, something he rarely did, and Dream had to respect it, no matter how much it hurt. "Yeah, sure... Just... Nevermind. Talk to you later, I guess."

"Bye."

Dream stared at his phone for a long time, way past when George's name had blinked away, the "call ended" message lost. He didn't know what exactly he expected, but he wanted *something*.

Maybe George would call back and apologize? Or at least understand that Dream wouldn't joke, couldn't joke, about this?

But nothing happened.

Eventually, he let his phone fall to the bed and distracted himself. Hours passed, crawling by or shooting forward, depending on how cognizant he made himself be. Exhaustion started to nip at him, but he fought it for a while, terrified to spend a single moment alone with his thoughts.

He did have to give in eventually. After squeezing as many extra hours as he could out of himself, he fell to his bed, hoping the late hour would help him sleep quickly.

He didn't fall asleep for a while, though, tossing and turning, with his thoughts flipping between stupid, giddy hope and abject terror. He hadn't even really known this was something he wanted, which meant now it had to consume all of his thoughts.

He finally managed to snatch a few hours of fitful rest, though, and he dreamed of George.

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Dream woke with a start around 11 am, too anxious to sleep anymore. Besides, it was approaching evening where George was, and Dream was desperately hoping they would be able to talk.

George had sent him a text while he was sleeping, and he read it eagerly.

*Hey Dream. I'm sorry about last night. I'm ready to talk whenever you are.*

Well, that certainly didn't give anything away. That message could mean literally anything. Dream dragged a hand through his hair, trying to parse any extra information or intention from the message, but he couldn't figure it out. He settled on just calling George. He needed to know more than he could worry about what might be.

George picked up quickly. "Dream?"

"Hey George..." Now that he had connected with George again, he didn't even really know what to say.

Thankfully George said it for him. "Dream, I'm so sorry. I was just so terrified at being caught and I thought you were messing with me and I thought about it and I just feel so stupid. It was just so hard to imagine that *you* could have a... thing for *me*. I mean, I've had this... thing for so long, it just seemed impossible."

Dream started to reply, but it hit him suddenly. How could George think so low of himself? "How would I not have a... thing for you? You're amazing, George. How often have I told you just that?"

George's breath hitched. "Stop."

"Actually?"

George didn't say anything for a moment, but then, in a tiny voice, so quiet Dream almost didn't hear, "Please don't..."

“You like it when I compliment you, Georgie?” Dream cooed.

George’s breathing was uneven for a moment, but he didn’t reply.

Dream decided to push. “Cause I like complimenting you, *baby* . You’re so cute when you're flustered.”

George’s breath sucked in. “Dream, *please* ... You’re...” He trailed off, seemingly unable to finish the sentence.

“I’m what?” he teased.

“Don’t make fun of me...”

“I would never.”

“You know what you’re doing to me!” George’s voice pitched up a little, full of unsaid need.

“Do I?” Dream asked, because he genuinely wasn’t sure what was happening. He couldn’t tell if George was enjoying himself or not. Was he turning George on or making him uncomfortable?

“Dream, *please* , stop *teasing* . I’m...” George whined, and that clinched it.

“Am I turning you on, George?” Dream was sure that was it, but he needed to be absolutely positive. All he heard through was a tiny whimper, non-committal, but potentially good. He decided to go all in. “Cause I’m getting turned on too.”

“You are?!”

“Oh definitely,” Dream murmured, “How often have you done this?”

“Done what?” George asked, feigning innocence.

Dream pressed his lips against the phone where the mic was. “How often have you masturbated to me?”

He could *hear* George shudder to that.

“Um, a few times.”

“Only a few times, *baby* ? ‘Cause I think it was more than that,” Dream teased, but in reality he needed it to be more. He wanted George to be desperate for him.

“Okay, more than a few times... I don’t know how many.”

George had lost count? That was... “God, George, that is so hot. I wish you had told me.”

“Yeah? What if I did it again right now?”

Dream gasped. “Would you?” This had to be fake. There was no way this was happening in real life.

“Only if you did it with me...”

“Fuck, George, of course I will. I’m already so fucking hard.”

“Me too.”

Dream could hear fabric rustling around in the background, so he quickly pulled his pants down too, letting his cock be free from its cloth prison, hard and ready.

“I want to *hear* you, Dream. I want to hear *you* moan *my* name this time.”

Dream started to rub himself, moaning, “Oh, George...”

“Yeah, just like that.”

“ *George* !” he gasped, running his finger across his slit.

“ *Dream!*” George moaned.

It was electrifying, and Dream just found himself getting more and more turned on.

They both panted and huffed into the phone, bringing each other to higher heights with the sounds they were making. Mostly, it was their names, bouncing back and forth, a desperate call and response of need.

It didn’t take long for them to finish, and they came together, crying out their names in unison.

“Oh my fucking GOD,” Dream gasped. He had cum across his chest again, giving himself a rather pretty pearl necklace (it felt like a gift from George).

“Yeah... That was... wow!”

“We should do this again sometime! Maybe?” Dream hesitated, for some reason, as if they hadn’t just masturbated together. He was worried that George wouldn’t want to do anything else with him.

“Oh definitely. There is a lot we can do together, if you’re interested...”

Dream smiled. “I’m interested.”

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